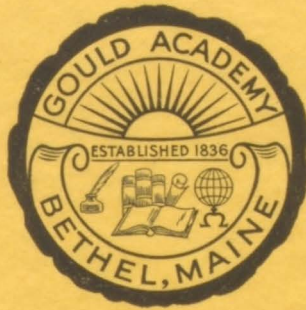


The Academy Herald



Commencement

1934



The Bethel Inn
Bethel, Maine

The Academy Herald

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BETHEL, MAINE, JUNE, 1934

NO. 2

THE ACADEMY HERALD

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Editorials

THE NEW GOULD

In the glory of her pristine beauty and newness, the New Gould faces an admiring world. Not at the beginning of an unblazoned trail does this Gould fare forth, but with the assurance of youth, she accepts the burden of nearly a century of tradition and takes the first steps of what we hope will be a long, long journey.

What a heritage is hers! Thousands of boys and girls traversed the threshold of Old Gould in their quest of learning. Year after year, grandchildren and great grandchildren have returned to study where the grandfathers learned the "three R's" and their grandmothers, in corkscrew curls and crinolines, coyly blushed and cast shy glances. Hundreds of faithful teachers came to teach under the first golden dome, and their personalities are indelibly stamped upon the characters and memories of the boys and girls to whom, through them, the labyrinths of mathematics, the intricacies of languages and the dry data of histories became as plain as a b c.

The Old Gould stood a solitary structure, amid slender whips of trees. The

new Gould, surrounded by giant elms—the saplings of another day—lifts its proud head above those of its numerous consorts. How many years in the service of youth will it be before its walls will become permeated with sentiment and the floors worn thin by the eager feet of students? How many years before each nook and cranny will recall tender memories to returning alumni?

Fortunate indeed are the youth of today and tomorrow who are privileged to attend Gould with its illustrious and historic past and its bright prospects for the future. Can the graduates of New Gould surpass the records—scholastic and athletic—in which the children of Old Gould have rightful pride? The answer lies in the coming years, and the students themselves will decide what it is to be.

Mary Ann Tibbetts '34

DOOR-SLAMMERS

Are you a door-slammer? By a door-slammer we mean this kind of a person:

To start a friendly conversation you say, "Have you seen Katharine Hepburn's new picture **Spitfire**?"

"No." is jerked out at you.

"Well, that's settled," you think to yourself. "Er, we had a nice snow last night, didn't we?" you try again.

"Yes." says the door-slammer.

"And that's that!" you tell yourself.

A door-slammer has few friends, how

could it be different? Door-slammers literally and door-slammers figuratively are really much the same; they accomplish the same purpose—that of definitely closing you outside. If you think that certain persons don't like you anyway, becoming a door-slammer will not help you to gain them as friends. Even slamming doors occasionally just because you don't feel amicable at that particular time is bad policy; you'll soon find yourself forming the habit. If you dislike a person, there are other ways of ridding yourself of his or her company without showing your own feelings in the matter so plainly.

Beatrice Merrill '35

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW

What will happen twenty years from now? That is a question no one can answer, but many have tried. The following views are not beyond the realm of possibility.

Within all probability we shall travel through the air at about two thousand miles per hour in air-ships driven probably by rockets or electricity. These ships will be able to land like a bird, stopping the instant they touch the ground.

Socially, the world will be far advanced of the present day standards. Man will work not more than twelve hours a week; this will leave many leisure hours for man to spend in reading, studying, and sports, giving him time for a much better education.

If a young man could have his pick

of any century, in which he desired to live, we believe he would pick the twentieth century, because of its rapid advancement socially, physically, and intellectually. Arthur C. Gibbs '34

A RIDDLE

This thing can not be seen, but at times we all have it, though we may not realize it and put it to its best use. It has no age, except that it is as old as the earth. It has no dimensions, yet it is constantly being measured. The measuring of it is very difficult, however, and great pains have been taken to find an efficient method of doing this. Still it is rather perplexing to try to thoroughly understand it.

It has great power; or at least, it seems to have. If we listen to the daily conversation around us, we will be led to believe that if people had possession of it, wonders could be accomplished. Our work would always be done; we would always have enough sleep and play. Doctors, scientists, and inventors would all perform miracles for they depend largely upon it for the success of their work. Every day we hear people tell of the things

they could do if they possessed it, and what they will do when they succeed in obtaining it.

It is extremely valuable and some people consider it so, for they are constantly planning ways to make it worth more to them. Every one desires it and is always lamenting the fact that he does not possess it. But the lack of it is a most excellent excuse for things left undone, and it is, perhaps, the most common excuse in the world.

In spite of the fact that it so much to be desired, when we chance to have it, we do not use it to the best advantage but usually give much thought to what use we shall put it to, or blame it for anything that we cannot otherwise account for. It is blamed because our treasured possessions become useless, because we grow old, or because the conditions around us become better or worse.

In still another way it is useful; it is absolutely necessary to the production of music. It is one of the first and most essential things to learn in the study of music, and it is always demanded by good musicians.

Have you guessed what it is? Why, of course, this wonderful thing is—
TIME. Frances Morrill '35

Class of 1934

19 GA 34



RICHARD L. DAVIS "Dick"

Locke's Mills, Maine, 1916 4 years

Class President (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Football (3, 4); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Basketball (2, 3, 4); Editorial Board (2, 3, 4); Y. M. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Vice-President Y. M. C. A. (3); "The Monkey's Paw" (3); Commencement Pageant (4).

Best of luck to "Dick" and may we add this little slogan about our class president; "When better and faster Fords are made, 'Dick' will drive them."

SHIRLEY MURIEL COLE

Raymond, Maine, 1916 4 years

Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain Class Basketball (2, 3, 4); Varsity Basketball (3, 4); Captain Varsity Basketball (3, 4); Class Baseball (3, 4); Captain Class Baseball (3); Volley Ball (4); Horse-shoes (4); Hiking (1, 2); Tennis (4); Play Day (2, 3); Bates Play Day (4); Decorating Committee Senior Reception (3); Freshman Reception Committee (4); Class Motto Committee (4); Class Gift Committee (4); Girls' Athletic Association (3, 4); President of Athletic Association (4); Editorial Board (3, 4); Class Vice-President (3, 4); Commencement Pageant (4).

She's the symbol of sunshine and carefree at heart
And there's never a day but she does her part.

MARGUERITE BROOKS "Skippy"

Andover, Maine, 1917 4 years

Class Secretary and Treasurer (2, 3); Class Secretary (4); Y. W. C. A. (1); County Typing Contest (3); Editorial Board (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Commencement Pageant (4).

From the town of West Bethel

Comes gay Marguerite

Dependable, likeable, and very sweet.

STANLEY WILLIS ALLEN "Stan"

Bethel, Maine, 1916 4 years

Champion Tennis (1); Class Basketball (1, 2); Class Baseball (1); Interclass Track (1, 2, 4); Y. M. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Freshman Pageant (1); Captain Class Basketball (2); Varsity Basketball (2, 3, 4); Varsity Baseball (2, 3, 4); Varsity Track (2, 4); Vice-President Y. M. C. A. (3); Dramatic Club (3); Editorial Board (3, 4); Y. M. C. A. Conference (3, 4); Board of Control of Undergraduate Association (3); Class Treasurer (4); Y. M. C. A. President (4); Football (4); Glee Club (4); Carnival (4); Winter Sports Team (4); "The Merchant of Venice" (2); "Monkey's Paw" (3); "Spreading the News" (3); "Not Quite Such a Goose" (4); "The Clock Shop" (4); Commencement Play (4); Presentation of Class Gift (4); "The Florist Shop" (4).

To choose ONE thing to say for "Stan"

Is mighty hard to do,

For in every school activity

To duty, he's always true.



RUTH FRANCES AUBIN

Harrison, Maine, 1916

4 years

Class Basketball (1); Editorial Board (4).

Ruth, who was never known to shirk
Is always faithful in her work.



TRAFTON BARTLETT "Traffy"

Norway, Maine, 1915

5 years

Track (3, 4, 5); Captain of Track (4, 5); Varsity
Football (4, 5); Baseball (3, 4, 5); Basketball
(3, 4, 5); Class Basketball (3, 4, 5); Class Track
(3, 4, 5).

"Traffy" Bartlett, Rah! Rah! Rah!
As a football player, you're a star.



ERNESTINE ELIZABETH BEAN

Bethel, Maine, 1914

4 years

Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3); Commencement Play (4).

Ernestine believes that the way to learn
is to ask questions.



BARBARA ELLEN BENNETT "Barb"

Lockes Mills, Maine, 1917

4 years

Editorial Board (3, 4); Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4);
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4); Prize Speaking (2);
"Mystery of the Masked Girl" (3); "Not Quite Such
a Goose" (4); Volley Ball (4); Baseball (3); Y. W.
C. A. Conference (4); Baseball (3, 4); Commence-
ment Play (4).

Barb, who is always joyful and gay
Never has unkind words to say.



ELDREDGE BERRY "Fuzzy"

Oxford, Maine, 1916

4 years

Class Basketball (1, 2, 3); Varsity Basketball (4);
"The Clock Shop" (4); Editorial Board (3, 4);
Track Manager (3, 4); Commencement Play (4).

"Fuzzy's" a brick, without any doubt
Ready and willing to help others out.



PAULINE ELIZABETH BUCK "Polly"

Sterling, Mass., 1915

1 year

Commencement Play (4).

"She was quiet and studious as befits a proper maid."



WINONA M. CHAPIN

Bethel, Maine, 1916

4 years

Y. W. C. A. (1, 2); Assistant Librarian (3).

"Speech is silver, silence is gold"

Winona is proof of this proverb old.



CHARLES HENRY DWYER "Charlie" "Pedro"

Whitman, Mass., 1915

3 years

Football (2, 3, 4); Manager of Baseball (3); Class Basketball (2, 3); Varsity Basketball (3, 4); Y. M. C. A. (2, 3, 4); Carnival Entertainment (3); Commencement Play (4); Y. M. C. A. (2).

"Tonight we dance for tomorrow we work"
Are the words of dashing Charlie's creed.
Wherever he goes, and whatever he does,
Everyone hopes he will succeed.



MARGARET LUCIE FRASER "Peggy"

East Andover, Maine, 1916

1 year

Editorial Board (4); Y. W. C. A. (4); Hiking (4); Class Horseshoes (4); Class Basketball (4); "Don't Count Your Chickens" (4); Winter Sports (4); Volley Ball (4); Class Baseball (4); Commencement Play (4).

Breezing down from Andover
In a happy sunny way
Came this blonde and smiling Peggy
For just a year to stay.



MARGARET DOROTHY FRENCH "Peggy"

Dummer, N. H., 1917

1 year

Editorial Board (4); Class Baseball (4); Commencement Play (4).

Meditation, hesitation, explanation,
Another of Peggy's pranks is played.



LILLIAN ALLENE FULLER "Lil"

Bethel, Maine, 1917 4 years

Class Basketball (1, 2, 3); Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4); Editorial Board (4); County Typing Contest (4); Class Baseball (3); Sophomore Assembly (2); Hiking (3); "Jimmy at the Y" (3); "Down to Earth" (4); Commencement Play (4).

The one who'll succeed in this world
We will find, after a long, long while,
Is the one who can take the Commercial Course
And still wear a sunny smile.



ARTHUR CLAYTON GIBBS "Dutchy"

North Paris, Maine, 1916 4 years

Class Track (1); Class Basketball (1, 4).

Dutchy is the silent kind,
And off in class you'll find
He knows his lessons well,
Though all of it he will not tell.



MARGUERITE LOUISE HALL "Geet"

Bethel, Maine, 1916 4 years

Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4); Editorial Board (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Athletic Council (4); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Manager of Basketball (4); Class Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Volley Ball (4); Winter Sports (1, 2); "The Bird's Christmas Carol" (1); Specialty Donors' Night (2); Sophomore Hop (2); "The Mystery of the Masked Girl" (3); Carnival Specialty (3, 4); Commencement Pageant (3); "Not Quite Such a Goose" (4); "Down to Earth" (4); "The Clock Shop" (4); "Don't Count Your Chickens" (4); Play Day (3); "Jimmy at the Y" (3); Tennis (4); Commencement Play (4).

Brown eyed, vivacious, charming, petite;
Friend of all is Marguerite.



RUTH WHITMAN HAY

Lynn, Mass., 1917 4 years

Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4); Athletic Council (3); Class Basketball (1); "Don't Count Your Chickens" (4); Volley Ball (4); Baseball (3); Y. W. C. A. Conference (4); Commencement Play (4).

From Academic Hebron town, with helping hand
to lend,
Came this jolly English girl, everybody's friend.



NAOMI HEALD

Buckfield, Maine, 1916

1 year

Y. W. C. A. (4); "Don't Count Your Chickens" (4); Orchestra (4); Commencement Play (4).

In the year she has been with us, Naomi
has proved herself a master musician.



RUBY EVELYN HODSDON

Portland, Maine, 1916

2 years

Athletic Council (4); Class Basketball (3, 4); Varsity Basketball (3, 4); Baseball (3, 4); Captain Volley Ball (4); Tennis (4); Play Day (3).

Ruby came from Edward Little
In the town of Auburn, Maine.
She is our Athletic girl
And we hope success she'll gain.



RUTH ELINOR HODSDON

Mexico, Maine, 1914

2 years

Basketball (4); Volley Ball (4); Y. W. C. A. (4).

At first Ruth seemed very demure and quiet but we soon learned that she has a gay sense of humor.



AGNES MARION HOWE

Bethel, Maine, 1915

4 years

Y. W. C. A. (1, 2).

Good roads, bad roads, up and down the river,
Agnes never failed us, coming in her flivver.



HARLAN JAMES HUTCHINS "Hucky"

Bethel, Maine, 1916

5 years

Editorial Board (4, 5); Class Basketball (2, 3, 4, 5); Captain Class Basketball (5); Dramatic Club (4); "The Florist Shop" (5); "Spreading the News" (4); "Oh Professor" (4); Prize Speaking (2, 3); "Darkness and Dawn"; "Not Quite Such a Goose" (5).

If there is any argument, Hucky is sure to be there.



ELVA MURIEL LINNELL "Little Linny"

Magalloway Pkt., Maine, 1917

2 years

Class Basketball (3, 4); Class Baseball (3, 4); Class Volley Ball (4); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4); Winter Sports (3, 4); Hiking (3, 4); Horseshoes (4); Tennis (4); Editorial Board (3); Commencement Pageant (4).

She's very small, but mercy me!
She fairly shines with brilliancy,
In French they say, she knows her stuff;
She never has to bluff.



RICHARD EARL MARSHALL

Bethel, Maine, 1917

4 years

Glee Club (1, 2); Freshman Pageant (1); "Merchant of Venice" (2); "D-298" (3); Interclass Basketball (4); Editorial Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Laboratory Assistant (4); Salutatory.

Here is a man, a "regular guy,"
With a broad grin and twinkling eye.
E'en though in stature he may be small
His heart is big, and he's liked by ail.

ROSALINE MORRILL "Rosie"

Bethel, Maine, 1917

4 years

Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Basketball (1, 2, 3); Baseball (3).

"Rosie" Morrill has a laugh
She can use at will;
Everybody likes this maid
Coming from Mill Hill.

HERBERT MORTON, Jr. "Bob"

Andover, Maine, 1914

5 years

Class Basketball (4, 5); Winter Sports (5); Class Baseball (2, 3); Y. M. C. A. (3, 4, 5); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 5).

His rosy cheeks and ready grin
Suggest complacency within.

NORMA L. ROLFE

Albany, Maine, 1914 4 years

Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Basketball (4); Glee Club (1); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Horseshoes (4); Athletic Council (3); Winter Sports (4); Play Day (2); Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (3); "Jimmy at the Y" (2); Merchant of Venice" (2); Cheer Leader (4); "Mystery of the Masked Girl" (3).

When down the street our Norma goes,
We marvel at her carefree pose,
And when we look again, we see
Eyes that are full of gaiety.

DONALD RUSSELL STANLEY "Don"

Bethel, Maine, 1914

5 years

Class Basketball (1, 2, 3); Varsity Basketball (3, 4, 5); Football (4, 5); Class Baseball (1, 2); Varsity Baseball (3, 4, 5); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Commencement Pageant (4); French Play (4); Marshal (4).

Donald is a natural blonde
Whose rare good-nature makes us fond
Of him.



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ALFRED WILLIAM TAYLOR

Sydney, Maine, 1914

5 years

Typewriting Contest (4); "The Clock Shop" (5);
"Spreading the News" (4); Glee Club (5); Com-
mencement Play (5).

You seem to rush from morn 'til night,
And day by day you grow more bright—
What will become of you?



FLOYD HAMPTON THURSTON "Fat"

Bethel, Maine, 1915

5 years

Varsity Football (3, 4, 5); Varsity Track (3, 4, 5).

He smiles and lets the world go by.

MARY ANN TIBBETTS

Bethel, Maine, 1916 4 years

Editorial Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Editor-in-Chief (4);
Poetry Prize (2); Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Y. W. C. A.
Cabinet (3, 4); Y. W. C. A. President (4); Y. W. C.
A. Delegate (3, 4); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4);
Varsity Basketball (3, 4); Carnival (2); Play Day
(2); "The Merchant of Venice" (2); "Artichokes for
Dinner" (2); Dramatic Work Shop (3); "Spreading
the News" (3); "Not Quite Such a Goose" (4); "Don't
Count Your Chickens" (4); "The Florist Shop" (4);
'Down to Earth" (4); Valedictory.

She can be very dignified indeed,
But don't let appearances mislead,
For also she is a comrade gay
Plumb full of fun in every way.

WINFIELD ALBERT WHITMAN "Winnie"

Bethel, Maine, 1915

5 years

Baseball (2, 4, 5); Basketball (2, 3); Track (3, 5);
Football (3); Class Baseball (1, 2); Captain Class
Baseball (2); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4, 5); Captain
Class Basketball (4); Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4, 5).

A subtle humor and a smile
He carries with him all the while.



ZONA ALICE WHITE

Worcester, Massachusetts, 1916

1 year

We think her personality
Is quite as lovely as can be.



HUNTER'S MOON

Riding on high, across the sky
My consorts, the stars that gleam;
And we look down on field and town,
On placid lake and glit'ring stream.

A quickening breeze blows through the trees
Fanning the hunter's fire.
In silvery light, so pale and white,
Is bathed the old church spire.

By the darkened mill with its foam-flecked
rill
Leads a path, and its checkered shade
Gives us a view of lovers two,
As they walk through the moonlit glade.

High on their way a wedge of gray
Is made by south-bound geese;
And soft and slow, a buck and doe
Come forth to browse in peace.

Mary Ann Tibbetts '34

METALLAK

Of the early life of Metallak, "The Lone Indian of the Magalloway," absolutely nothing is known, but from young manhood we find him traversing the northern regions of Maine with many interesting experiences.

When he was still a young man he married Keoka, who was represented as strikingly beautiful, and to them two sons were born: Parmagummet and Andwilumpi.

One day Keoka and her little papoose were in the woods gathering berries,

when they ran afoul of a wolf. Keoka then sensing the danger, started for camp but tripping over a root she fell sprawling to the ground. The wolf grabbed for the baby's head; his teeth met in the child's neck, and he died immediately.

Years sped; the old chief of the St. Lawrence sickened and died; and although by birth, Metallak should have become the head of his tribe, he was disqualified as chief because he had once rescued a white girl from torture.

In 1775 there were several hundred Indians living between Canton and Bethel. The frown of the Great Spirit was dark upon his people and in that year they were visited by an epidemic of small pox, and one by one the warriors died.

Metallak, in his camp on the lake, watched and mourned the downfall of his race. About this time while he was making a moccasin, he had the misfortune of putting out an eye.

Time sped. The bride of his youth died and mournfully he buried her on an island in the Umbagog, which now bears his name. Here he dug her grave and buried her, and then, without a tear, seated himself upon the mound, and it was not until the morning of the third day that he left the sacred spot.

Next, he moved to Metallak Point, on Richardson Lake and here he passed some of the happiest days of his life,

with Oozalluc who had now become his wife.

That winter Oozalluc died and as he was unable to bury her, at that season of the year, he wrapped her in birch-bark and suspended her from a limb of a tree that leaned over the smoke hole of his wigwam. The next spring he buried her and it is claimed that Metallak never fully recovered from this ordeal. The only monument was a broken paddle.

In 1836 when two old time settlers of Magalloway reached Metallak Pond on their way to Parmacheenee, they entered Metallak's camp and found him in his bunk. He was indeed a pitiful sight, without fire, food or water and completely blind. He had no food but was found chewing on an old calf-skin trying to get nourishment.

The suffering he underwent during the many days he had been confined in this camp, cannot be imagined. The pain from his injured eye cannot have been worse than the mental strain, knowing that the chances were that he would have to lie there and die of sheer exhaustion.

They brought him back to the settlement and he then went to Stewartstown, N. H., to live.

One morning he was found dead in his bunk, and the fact that he died from old age was indisputable because he was then one hundred and twenty years old. He was buried in the North Hill Cemetery and here his body rested almost seventy years, without as much as a broken paddle to mark the spot.

In 1915 thru the generosity of a Colebrook citizen, there was erected a small stone to commemorate the spot where rests Metallak, "The Lone Indian of the Magalloway" and the last of the Co-ash-aukes.

Elva Linnell '34

TO A RAINBOW TROUT

Water sprite gay, playing in the brook,
With thy rainbowed hues lighting shadows
In some sun spotted and tree tented nook.
Hast thou joy, care; if thine eyes were
windows,

What could I see through the jeweled casement?

Hast thou not an inner soul pure and white
With goodly ways cradled in its basement?
What in thy heart hidest thou from all
sight,

Beside the joy of leaping and flying
Up and down some golden beaded stream?
Hast thou not some burning love undying
Better far than land lubber's fitful dream?
To praise the rainbow trout though I try
long,

All I can give is this unfitting song.

Margaret Fraser '34

LINES ON SPRING

Through the folds of silvery mystic curtain
Jeweled tipped, the evergreens are seen.
A forgotten sunbeam wings its way
From some far off obscurity,
Burnishing with gold and unleafed branches
Of the waking hardwood trees.

No dainty flower yet is shyly peeping
Like a blushing maiden fair,
Waiting on the mottled brown green turf,
To be plucked or passed unseen.

Beneath the gnarled and hoary apple trees,
The first northbound robin flits;
And entwines his song with the rasping caw
Of the dismal flapping raven.

Margaret Fraser '34

WHAT LUCK!

Mr. Small had lived in the city all his life. He was just naturally tired of all his business meetings; therefore, he decided to go for a vacation.

Mr. Small was a rather short, fat, middle aged man subject to nervousness. He liked solitude, and because of this fact, he decided to spend the summer in a little village in Maine.

Small loved to fish and hunt, but because of lack of experience and his restlessness, he had very poor luck at either. Every morning he would arise and take either his gun or his fishing rod and go into the forest behind his summer residence, where there was a beautiful little lake with many beautiful trout in it waiting to be caught.

One morning when this little man was sitting on the edge of the lake dangling his line in the water and having just as poor luck as usual, a friendly rabbit hopped out in back of him. Startled, Small grabbed at his gun and fell head first into the water. When he fell, his gun, which he let go of, dropped and hit a rock and went off. The bullet met its target in the breast of that friendly little rabbit. A suspender button which had been sewn on in a careless fashion flew and hit an onlooking squirrel in the face and sent him flying away.

When Mr. Small finally emerged from the lake, he found the rabbit lying where it had fallen; he also discovered that one of his suspender buttons was missing as well as a rubber boot which he had on. He saw the boot in the water and pulled it to him. Imagine his surprise, if you can, when he looked in and found three beautiful rainbow trout struggling in his boot!

His summer's luck hadn't been so bad as it might have been after all.

Rita Hutchins '37.

ENCHANTMENT

A Robin's drowsy requiem,
A silver sailing moon,
A graceful birch, a whispering pine,
The screech-owl's peerless tune,
The sobbing of a mourning dove,
A creek's low murmuring note,
The monotonous song of the whippoorwill,
The frog's incessant croak,

The night wind's echoing cadence,
A dying campfire's light,
The golden hues of sunset,
The peacefulness of night,
Fireflies in a festive dance,
The cricket's symphony,
And the sound of the whispering rainfall—
These hold enchantment for me.

Marguerite Brooks '34

RUDY

It was two years ago when Rudy came to live at our house. You would have to search a long time to find a smarter youngster than he is.

No, Rudy is not a nickname. We named him Rudy because the first noise he made was a crooning sound. Now do you understand?

The first real word he spoke was, "Hello." It did sound more like "Hoowoo" than "Hello," but you have probably heard a baby trying to talk, and know what fun it is to try to understand what he says.

Rudy loved to play in the garden more than anything else. What fun it was to snip off peony buds! What exquisite pleasure he found in pulling up the best pansy plants!

All pleasures of this sort, however, must come to an end. As a punishment we would take him into the house. Of course this would make him angry, and he would find things to do much worse than pulling up pansy plants.

One day, after he had had a glorious time in the garden, and had ruined our best hollyhock, I took him into the house and left him to play in my room. When I returned a few minutes later, I found my bed in flames. He had found a match, and, with youthful curiosity, had examined it closely and experimented with it until he had solved the mystery. Luckily, he was not burned.

Of course you know by this time that

Rudy is not a real human baby, but
merely a mischievous crow.

Jeanette V. Sanborn '35.

LATIN I

Oh yes, Latin is easy, so 'tis said,
But whoever said it was out of his head.
When studying Latin, we nearly go crazy
And fully realize it's no study for the lazy.

In the Grammar School the teacher used to
say,
"When you come to Latin, the rules are
fixed to stay."
But our expectations were too good to be
true;
Of rules without exception there are very,
very few.

There ought to be something we could get
right,
In a whole book it seems as if there might.
Yet from the easiest to the hardest things
As each comes, its own trouble brings.

The five declensions are five too many;
Latin would be better without any.
To remember the four conjugations
Is as hard as governing nations.

Adjectives, with genders like their noun,
Take away our smiles to bring a frown.
Conjunctions really are rather good
And seem to fit in where they should.

Participles are peculiar in this way:
To translate one takes nearly all day.
Infinitives are much too hard to learn;
For easier things they make us yearn.

Along come the verbs with moods and
tenses,
Which really deprive us of our senses.
That subjunctive mood is a real nightmare;
It should, could, and would make a deacon
swear.

After learning is, ea, id, qui, quae, and quod
We know the Latin language certainly is
odd.

And as we struggle slowly on and on
We wonder why Romans were ever born.

Barbara G. Moore '37

MUD TIME

Every spring in the state of Maine
there is a period of from six to eight
weeks of what is commonly called
"mud time." It is not very enjoyable
in the outlying districts where the mud
is often axle deep on the wagons, and
much worse for the motorist who at-
tempts to push and haul his car from
the oozy mess.

The farmers often earn a fair bonus
by pulling the luckless automobilists
from the mire. They are roused at
four o'clock in the morning by forlorn
honking to start the days work on a
helpless bread salesman, and more
often end up with a raving, but some-
what baffled banker.

After the clashing and clanking has
died away, the farmer returns to the
house where the good wife has laid a
"bounteous" supper consisting of
crackers and milk, which is hardly
sustaining food for a mud hog.

He clambers into bed and immedi-
ately falls into blissful slumber, but
not for long. The front door is being
torn off the hinges by some fellow from
a dry cleaning establishment.

"I wonder could you help a guy outa
the mud, I really hate to bother you
but I'm in an awful rush?"

The kindly farmer crawls into his
breeches and starts his next day's
work.

Edwin Brown '35.

THE VACANT HOUSE

1.
The lantern casts an eerie light
On windows, black as jet,
And in the mystery of the night
There lurks an unknown threat.

2.
A creaking blind, a flapping wing,
A step upon the crumbling stair,
What is this ghostly, unseen thing
That rustles in the musty air?

3.
At nightfall shadows flit around
And cast o'er all an evil eye,
And footsteps clatter on the ground
As frightened children scamper by.

4.
This house is vacant, they declare,
But often I think otherwise,
For sight and sound and ghostly air
Bear evidence of my surmise.

M. G. Tibbetts '37

THE WHIPPOORWILL

When the day is done,
And the sun has gone behind the hill,
There is a bird comes out of the woods
Known as the whippoorwill.
He flies about from post to shed
Uttering his shrill lonely note;
Long after the farmer has gone to bed,
He seeks for flies to feed his hungry throat.
He darts across the mill pond,
Swooping to drink the water so clear and cool.

The frog mistakes him for an owl
And dives into his pool.
When the daylight begins to appear again,
This bird flies back to his nest.
That is the last of the whippoorwill,
For he likes the evening the best.

Robert King '35

HER LATEST FANCY

One day while waiting for the mail,
I overheard the following conversation:
"Listen, Mary, I've got something I
want to tell you. Gee, it's the swellest
thing that ever happened. Some day
I want you to meet him.

"Sure, it's a him; but believe me he
is not the ordinary kind. He looks like
a movie star. You'll be simply thrilled
when you see him. Say, but is he cute!

"His name is Jerry Second. Some
spiffy name, that. I met him on my
way home from school last night. And
did he make eyes at me. I thought he
would never let go my hand.

"If I do say it myself, Mary, he was
quite taken with me. I guess he likes
my style of beauty. I've made a hit

with him all right.

"His beautiful dark eyes followed
my every move. Handsome isn't the
word for it, Mary.

"It would have done you good to see
the look he gave me, as I started away,
and did I hate to leave him.

"He is only six months old so his
nurse told me!"

Margaret Hamlin '35.

A WISH

(With apologies to Wordsworth)

My spirits sink when I behold
A poem that I must write:
I can think of nothing when I begin;
The more I think, the worse I am;
Come, Inspiration, before English class,
Or let me die!

Some folks can really write quite well;
And I would wish my poems to be
Like theirs, full of rich beauty.

Marguerite Brooks '34

THE BLUEBIRD

One morning when the fields were still
Held fast in Winter's everlasting grasp,
A flutelike song came wafted from the hill,
That harbinger of Spring, the bluebird's
here at last.

The bluebird's winsome note and magic song
Call to the dormant woods and sleeping
fields

Where stormy winter's grip has held so
long,

Now o'er which gentle Spring her sceptre
wields.

Clothed in a scrap of Heaven's own blue
sky

By Mother Nature's ever-loving hand
The bluebird comes, a messenger on high,
And with him Spring, to cheer our weary
land.

Mary Ann Tibbetts '34

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

A splurge, a splash, a blot of ink,
A frantic scratch of head.
Another splash, another scratch,
How I wish that I were dead!

My pen writes on in frantic haste;
 My mind is whirling too;
 How can I think, how can I write?
 When I have so much to do?

Far on and on into the night,
 It seems a fiendish dream;
 This terrible last-minute rush
 To write my English theme!

Barbara Myers '35

FIVE MINUTES TO GO

Of course everyone has his own set idea of when he likes to get up in the morning. Everyone knows the best and proper time to arise and will not argue on the subject because he knows his own time is absolutely the right one. However useless it may be, I would like to give a few disadvantages and advantages of getting up just five minutes before breakfast.

Now the question depends somewhat on your constitution. Can you jump out of bed when wakened from a sound sleep without being bewildered, dizzy, or faint? If you can't, it is an ordeal. Suppose that you have slept over, so that you have only five minutes for dressing. Your head is in a muddle when you stand in the middle of the floor trying to think what to do first. Probably you would want to get dressed and then half wash if you had time. You paw frantically through drawers and knock clothes from the hangers in the closet. "Why didn't I have my clothes laid out?" you say. After a fashion you get all ready only to find that your dress is on back side to or your stockings are mismated. Some accident is surely to happen when you are getting washed. Very likely you will get soap in your eyes or make an enemy by splashing someone's silk gown. If you get to breakfast with-

out bruises or broken bones you are fortunate, but you can't help feeling grouchy and cross. People who experience such disaster are, of course, justified in avoiding the "five minute" practice.

But, if you can get out of bed in a hurry and collect your thoughts, this is the way the procedure runs. Wake up, take a second to stretch and realize where you are. Decide at once that you are going to **get up** and don't wait to see if it's raining or shining, or to let the warm bed make you drowsy. Once out of it, nothing tempts you to go back for there is only the one goal ahead that leads you on and overpowers everything else, namely, **breakfast in five minutes or none at all**. It's like a great black lettered placard in your mind that blots out everything else. You'll have it. You are now madly determined. A grand rush to get washed, then how much better you feel! You are cooler and more sure of the next steps. Quickly to the closet to find your clothes. There is no hesitation about what to wear for "Necessity" will immediately select something appropriate. Your mind is clear in such an earnest, intense endeavor to help you that you are bound to find all you need. At last the time is up and you are at your goal. There is a comforting satisfaction that you have won. The muscles relax, the mind is at ease, and there you are, most certainly wide awake, with all thoughts of the recent struggle forgotten; then appeased with the assurance of your food, you are ready to face the more important and urgent questions of the day at your best.

You may try all the rising methods you will, but none will suit everybody, so you might as well adopt your favorite method. Margaret French '34

SCHOOL NOTES



CARNIVAL BALL

The annual Carnival Ball was held, under the sponsorship of the Gould Academy Y. M. C. A., in the William Bingham Gymnasium, Saturday evening, Feb. 3. The Gymnasium provided a sparkling winter scene, with its snow men, snow covered trees and its gay streamers. Tables for guests lined the walls. Two delightful features of the evening, under the direction of Miss Dorothy J. Hanscom, Head of Girls' Athletics, were a Waltz Clog with Rita Hutchins, Constance Philbrook, Helen Philbrook, Mary Sanborn, and Beatrice Merrill; and a Topsy Dance with Roberta Browne, Betty Soule, and Marguerite Hall. The committee in charge of the Ball were Howard Thurston and Charles Dwyer.

The Junior Prom, held in the William Bingham Gymnasium, was well attended. Specialties, consisting of two songs by Elizabeth Bean and a Mock Wedding by various members of the junior class, were presented during the evening. Music for dancing was furnished by Lord's five-piece orchestra. In the receiving line were Dr. and Mrs. Frank E. Hanscom, Miss Marjorie Bailey, Carroll P. Bailey, Betty Soule and

Henry Martinson, president of the junior class. Refreshments of punch and sandwiches were served at intermission.

WINTER CARNIVAL

The Sophomores won the winter sports interclass meet with a total of $56\frac{1}{2}$ points, followed by the Juniors with 45 points, the Seniors 21 points and the Freshmen total of $8\frac{1}{2}$ points. Betty Soule was high scorer in the girls' events with a total of $16\frac{1}{2}$ points, followed by Phyllis Davis $14\frac{1}{2}$, Marjorie Berry $6\frac{1}{2}$, Dorothy Irish 6, and Barbara Moore 4. Betty Soule and Phyllis Davis were awarded the silver and bronze medals respectively for high scores. Dwight Stiles was high scorer for the boys, 19 points, closely followed by Alonzo Chapman with 18 points, Stanley Allen, 12, Herbert Morton, 11, and Maynard Young, 6. Stiles and Chapman were awarded the silver and bronze medals for high scores in the boys' events.

THE CLOCK SHOP

A Musical Fantasy by John Golden

This was a clever and unusual presentation on Donors' Night this year. All the characters of the play were clocks of various sizes. There were alarm clocks, shelf clocks, kitchen clocks, ornamental clocks, clocks with chimes, and clocks with gongs on the stage, but the most interesting were the big human-sized clocks that actually walked and talked and sang.

The Old Clock Maker, played by Henry Martinson, was detained late on New Year's Eve by clock repair work. He loved his clocks as if they were his children, and strangely enough, soon



Winter Sports Team



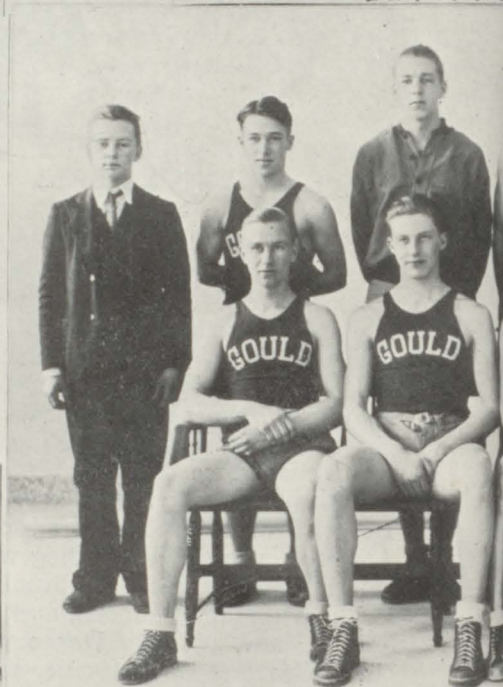
Don't Count Your Chickens



Senior Class Champions



Editorial



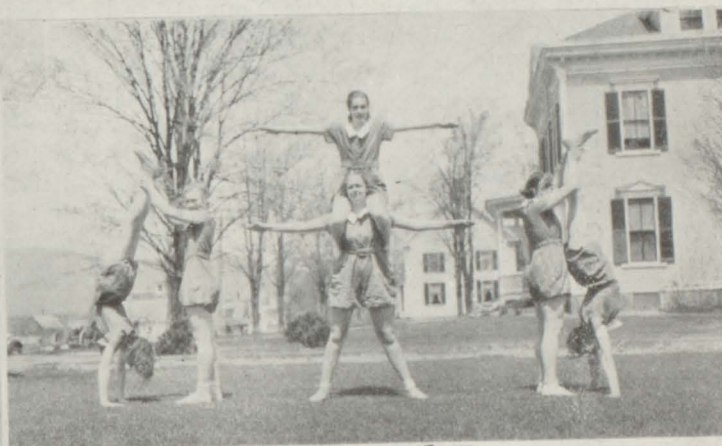
Boys' Varsity



Coach Fossett



Basketball



Freshman Class Stunt



The Florist Shop



Captain Cole



Girl's Varsity Basketball

after he had bid them good-night and a happy New Year, they came to life and behaved as real persons!

Dale Thurston was entirely covered, except for his white-bearded face, by a Grandfather Clock you should have seen "Old Grandpa" walk around the stage, particularly in the wedding procession of Hans (Dick Young) and Gretchen (Marguerite Hall), two little Dutch Clocks, who, after much trouble caused by the jealous Alarm Clock (Alfred Taylor), were finally married by Father Time himself, played by Stanley Allen. Alarm was the villain of the play who loved the little Dutch Clock, Gretchen, with all his "clockly soul." She, however, did not return his affection. So Alarm, with the aid of Cuckoo Clock (Eldredge Berry), who had one of the most remarkable cuckoo voices ever heard, tried to upset the romance of Gretchen and Hans by telling Grandpa Clock that Hans had once been very fast.

It was New Years Eve; the Clock Shop was in an uproar caused by the scandal in its midst, and Father Time, who was called in, had to hold the New Year back in order to hold a court to determine if Hans were guilty. After much argument a wise decision of "not guilty" was handed in by the jurors, who were six Dutch Girl Clocks: Betty Soule, Helen Philbrook, Betty Edwards, Betty Ravnes, Katheryn Brinck, and Elizabeth Bean, who also participated in songs and dances during the play. So, like the parents of Hans, Hans and Gretchen were pronounced Mr. and Mrs. Church Clock by Father Time just as the chimes rang in the New Year and the clocks once more resumed their clock-like qualities.

The entire performance was exceptionally well done, and, as well befits a "Clock Shop," everything went off

like "clock work." The play was under the direction of Miss Ruth Leavengood.

This year Gould Academy participated for the first time in the One-Act Play Contest held by various districts in the state for competition in the State Contest conducted by Bowdoin College. The contest for this district was held at Gould, on March 24th, with Mr. Hanscom as district chairman. Norway High School, Buckfield High School, and Gould were in competition for this district. Although Buckfield placed first in the contest, everyone was more than pleased with the excellent presentation of "The Florist Shop," given by Gould, under the direction of Miss Leavengood. Gould was awarded second place.

The setting for the play, as its title indicates, was a florist shop. When the curtain went up, one felt as if he were actually looking at a real flower shop. The set was done entirely in green and ivory, and the many-colored, lovely flowers and plants were most realistic.

The performance of each member of the cast was outstanding. Harlan Hutchins cleverly portrayed Henry, the office boy, who made fun of the romantic flights of fancy of Maude, the stenographer, exceedingly well played by Josephine Thurston. Maude entered into all the joys and sorrows of all the customers, which made her a valuable asset to Slovisky, the Jewish proprietor, a difficult part very well played by Dale Thurston. When Maude tried by sending orchids without a card to Miss Wells, a spinster, who was perfectly characterized by Mary Tibbetts, in order to bring romance into the woman's life, she lost her position with Slovisky. She was persuaded, however, to re-enter his employment, when Miss

Wells came back to order floral decorations for a big church wedding for her marriage to the man to whom she had been engaged for fifteen years, Mr. Jackson, likewise exceptionally well done by Stanley Allen. The play, through the medium of its settings and characterizations was a complete success, although the honors went elsewhere.

Buckfield presented a tragedy, "The Interview."

Norway gave a very clever comedy, "His First Dress Suit," capably played by a good cast.

The school orchestra presented music as a prelude to the contest and between the various plays. The evening was a very agreeable one for those present, and it is hoped that participation in the contest will be continued in later years.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Most of the pupils saved at least one declamation to speak in the new building. The Senior declamations were finished directly after Easter vacation, the Juniors by April 27, and the Sophomores by May 11. The Freshmen spoke the latter part of May.

It is surprising how many pupils get lost when coming down-stairs from the Public Speaking room. Several have found, to their embarrassment, that they had opened the door to the stage.

Every Wednesday morning special chapel exercises are given. The members of the faculty take turns in preparing these exercises. They choose pupils to lead and to give readings or pieces which they have learned. Miss Leavengood coaches most of the latter, and the pieces count as declamations.

Declamations this year have been

exceptionally well given. One reason for this is that each piece has been studied thoroughly before being given. Speaking from the stage for the first time took a great deal of courage, but it was not as hard to do as most of us thought it would be. Perhaps the reason is that the speaker is farther away from the audience.

During the winter term the Y. W. C. A. work was mostly divided into interest groups. Several girls enrolled in the drawing and painting group, which met at the Household Arts Cottage and was instructed by Betty Raynes. A very large number entered the dramatic group and assisted in the production of the annual Girl Reserve Play, which was given on February 15, under the direction of Miss Leavengood, of the Public Speaking Department. A third group signed up for vocations, which met during the spring term under the leadership of Miss Litchfield.

A very popular yearly meeting is devoted to the subject of "Etiquette" and this year Ruth Hay was the leader.

Another meeting of interest was a stunt meeting held in the Gymnasium at which each class participated. This afforded an opportunity for much fun and individuality. The first prize was given to the Freshman Group. Doughnuts and coffee were served.

Later meetings planned are: Mother and Daughters' Social, a May Breakfast, Installation of Officers, and Senior Farewell.

The play chosen by the Girl Reserves this year for their annual production was "Don't Count Your Chickens" and proved very satisfactory. A large number of girls reported for try-outs for the play and after the parts were chosen, those remaining were divided

into groups and willingly and efficiently assisted with properties, wardrobe, and stage. The Cast was as follows:

Miss Blanche,	Marjorie Berry
Florabelle Masters,	Mary Tibbetts
Isabelle Masters,	Josephine Thurston
Annabelle Masters,	Marguerite Hall
Pansy Peters,	Frances Adams
Pearl Steward,	Margaret Fraser
Dora Beers,	Margaret Hamlin
Bertha Barker,	Katheryn Brinck
Maybelle Barker,	Marion King
Bedelia O'Callahan,	Naomi Heald
Alma Adams,	Ruth Hay
Jacqueline Bowers,	Rita Hutchins
The Countess Anna,	Rosalind Rowe

MUSIC

Since the close of school for the spring vacation, the old manual training shop has been completely renovated and made into an excellent meeting place for the several musical organizations connected with the school. On the first floor are seats provided for the glee clubs and also chairs arranged to seat the orchestra. There are two large rooms upstairs where the various musical and dramatic rehearsals may be held. There is a piano on each floor. This department is equipped with an electric clock and telephone connected with the office.

The two glee clubs, under the direction of Miss Leavengood, have made rapid progress since their organization in the fall. The separate groups practice each week, and the two groups practice together once a week. Several weeks ago a group of girls from the glee club did a specialty act at the Amateur Night performance. Both groups have sung at assembly several times during the winter term. Miss Leavengood is making plans for a joint concert to be given by both groups, the proceeds of which will be used to help pay for the awards which will

be given for perfect attendance.

Miss Leavengood holds group singing each Thursday at Assembly time which offers good opportunity for practice and valuable information in music such as the value of notes, proper phrasing and the meaning of various expression signs used in music.

The school orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Anton E. Mainente of Rumford, has also made considerable progress during the year. It has played at the various plays given by the school and will play at Commencement and the dedication exercises of the new building to be held in June. Mr. Mainente comes to Bethel on Monday each week and gives lessons on various musical instruments. Orchestra practices are also held each week.

MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT

At the close of the winter term all the woodwork was completed with the exception of a few pieces. The last few days before the spring vacation were spent in moving lumber and other articles into the lumber room of the new building. The old shop has been remodeled into a music department.

The manual training department is situated on the basement floor of the new building. The drafting room, paint room and workroom are supplied with large cabinets, the doors of which may be used as blackboards or bulletin boards. The flooring is of engrain lumber insuring long wearing quality.

The lumber room has racks on which the lumber is stored. The blower, which takes care of the fumes and dust created in the paint room, is located here.

The drafting room has been supplied with new drawing boards, where-

as before the students furnished their own. The new drafting desks have arrived. All classes in Mechanical Drawing are held in this room.

The workroom has been equipped with new machines which were used during the winter in the shop, also the old machines with the exception of the bandsaw. The new machines consist of three lathes, a jointer, drill press, band saw, circle saw, and a combination scroll saw and mortiser.

The exhibition was held April 25th, from three to five in the afternoon. All the woodwork and a few plates finished in Mechanical Drawing were exhibited. Boys were at the various machines to demonstrate the work that can be done.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

On January 31, the Household Arts girls held an exhibition at the Cottage. The exhibition consisted of various articles that the girls had made, such as fancy work, model rooms, and clothing. About fifty attended. Tea, sandwiches, cakes, and mints were served for refreshments by the upper class girls.

The senior girls finished their project "Child Care" and are now taking sewing. Articles that are being made are: suits, dresses, blouses and fancy work.

The Junior Class spent the winter term in the study of "Home Nursing." They learned to care for the sick, the correct method of making a bed when occupied by a patient and when empty, how to bathe an infant, and many other practical things pertaining to home nursing. The Spring term is being devoted to sewing, and dresses seem to be the chief problems.

The sophomore class completed the

house decoration during the winter months and showed model rooms at the exhibition. The models were made by Dorothy Irish, Betty Raynes, Georgia Judkins, and Norrine Waterhouse. At the beginning of the Spring term the girls began sewing.

The Freshman girls finished problems in sewing last term, and are now cooking. One entire breakfast has been cooked and served by the girls, one of the members of the class being the host, and another the hostess.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Since we have moved into the new Commercial Department we all have desires to achieve great things. This department is located on the third floor of the Academy Building. It consists of Typewriting, Shorthand and Bookkeeping rooms and a Bank. Each of these rooms is furnished with modern equipment. What could be more important to the Commercial students?

This year two new courses were adopted for Senior Commercial Students, a one-half year of Business Administration under the direction of Mr. Crane, and a one-half year of Business English under the direction of Mrs. Thompson. In Business Administration we obtained a knowledge of how a business is managed, the different departments of a business, the modern equipment used in offices of today and other minor details. In Business English we have devoted a larger part of our time to the writing of business letters to all classes of people.

Penmanship

At the beginning of the year a Penmanship class was organized and at the end of twenty-four weeks each member of the Penmanship Class sub-

mitted a specimen of their handwriting, for Penmanship Certificates. Eight members of the class were successful. They are as follows: Lloyd Chapin, Verna Grover, Sally King, Pauline LaRue, Alice Tyler, Mildred Vail, Chester Wheeler and Alfred Lovejoy.

A month later those who had not already received certificates submitted another specimen of their handwriting and the following members were awarded certificates: Marjorie Berry, Russell Burris, Betty Weagle, and Winifred Bean.

Shorthand

In Senior Shorthand a series of tests have been given and the results are as follows:

Those having passed the sixty-word test are: Ruth Aubin, Marguerite Brooks, Agnes Howe, Alfred Taylor, and Zona White.

Those who have passed the eighty-word test are: Ruth Aubin, Marguerite Brooks, Agnes Howe, Alfred Taylor and Zona White.

Those having passed the hundred-word test are: Marguerite Brooks, Alfred Taylor and Zona White.

A Theory Test was given in Senior Shorthand and those obtaining ninety or above were eligible for certificates. Those who received certificates are as follows: Ruth Aubin, Marguerite Brooks, Charles Dwyer, Lillian Fuller, Alfred Taylor, Agnes Howe, and Zona White.

Typewriting

Official tests have been given in Typewriting to both Juniors and Seniors.

The results of the Senior Typewriting Tests are as follows:

40 words per minute—Charles Dwyer, Lillian Fuller, Alfred Taylor and Zona White.

50 words per minute—Lillian Fuller, Alfred Taylor and Zona White.

Alfred Taylor has passed his sixty-word test.

The results of the Junior typewriting Tests are as follows:

30 words per minute—Marguerite Deegan, Jeanette Sanborn, Josephine Thurston, Frances Adams, Katheryn Brinck, Muriel Brinck, Marion Brinck, Beatrice Merrill and Frances Morrill.

40 words per minute—Katheryn Brinck, Marion Brinck, Beatrice Merrill, Marguerite Deegan, Mary Sanborn, Jeanette Sanborn, and Josephine Thurston.

50 words per minute—Josephine Thurston, Jeanette Sanborn and Beatrice Merrill.

Beatrice Merrill has passed her sixty-word a minute test. Special merit is due as Miss Merrill is the first typist to accomplish this during the first year.

Commercial Graduates of '33

The following is a clipping from the Oxford County Citizen:

Esther F. Burris, Gould '33 one of the first students to be graduated from the Commercial course at Gould, has recently obtained the position of stenographer in the new Academy office. Upon the introduction of the Commercial Course in the local school, Miss Burris returned a fifth year in order that she might graduate from that department. At 1933 Commencement exercises a prize of \$50 to the Senior girl showing the most notable traits of womanly character and most earnest and faithful devotion to duty was awarded to Miss Burris.

Miss Sally E. Chapman, a graduate of the Commercial Course at Gould in 1933 and at present a student in the Bangor School of Commerce, has made

arrangements to do her practice teaching in the Commercial Department at Gould next year.

Miss Martha Brown another graduate of last year's Commercial class, is now employed in the office of E. R. Bowdoin, Principal of the Public Schools of Bethel.

Miss Betty Goudy is now employed in the office of Goudy & Stevens, Boat Builders, at East Boothbay, Maine.

Albert Wheeler, a fifth member of the Commercial Class, is planning to join a C. C. C. camp.

Although this was a very small class, it seems to be a very successful one. We hope that the following Commercial graduates will be as successful as these have been.

COMMENTS FROM THE POINT OF A PENCIL

What does a pencil mean to you? Probably nothing except something that will write for you when and what you please. If a pencil could talk to us, I think this is what it would say about the Commercial Department of Gould Academy.

I am quite distinguished! Have you ever noticed that I start my life at the top of the world and then as I grow older I diminish according to the kind of life I have lead? I began my career in the Commercial Department of Gould Academy. My owner takes me to many classes but the most interesting to me are those where Shorthand and Typewriting are taught. I don't get a chance in the Bookkeeping room to show what I can do because there is a law against me. My friend the pen reigns supreme here, but do you think I care, why—he doesn't get nearly the joy out of life that I do!

The typing room is quite a novelty to me. I don't have much to do here. That typewriter steals all my fun but I get back at it when I have the opportunity to figure up how many errors it makes in a certain number of minutes. I have to be accurate though, much to my sorrow!

Now comes the most fascinating and exciting part of my whole school life—my work in the Shorthand room. Here is where I reign supreme in all my glory. I just wish you could see me fly when I am taking rapid dictation.

If you treat me kindly, I will do good work for you. My life can mean much to you if you do not abuse me. Don't sharpen me all the time—give me a chance to live. You may profit more than you know by using a little foresight where I am concerned.

Zona A. White.

MY FIRST POSITION

The depression is nearly over, it is said; but still positions are hard to secure. How many people are out of work? No one knows, but it seems that thousands are. In spite of all this, I have a position, and I feel that I am fortunate.

I go to work every morning at twenty minutes past eight. I have a modern up-to-date office to work in, and the office workers are all jolly and agreeable to work with. I take dictation in a pleasant room with a number of other stenographers. Several bookkeepers are employed by our company and we work together in a large, airy room with modern, convenient desks. The typing room is completely furnished with modern furniture including adjustable tables and chairs. Besides all this, we are free to ask help

at any time from the advisor. Speed tests in typing are held regularly to help us improve our work. We must concentrate on our work and work hard at all times, besides doing outside work evenings to help us to do our best. In spite of this, the salary is good. The fairest salary system is used that I have ever known. The more one does, the harder he tries, the larger his pay check will be. Am I not fortunate to have so good a position during the depression?

What am I working for? The pay checks, of course not! Haven't you guessed? Why, a beautiful diploma saying that I have done my work well in my first position—my work at Gould.

Frances Morrill.

IT ISN'T THE TYPEWRITER—IT'S YOU

You say the typewriter works funny;
Your paper is a mess,
Your letters are all shaded—
You fear the coming test.
The typewriter is what you make it.
The letters are shaded or true.
Just as your fingers rule it,
It isn't the typewriter—it's you!

Steady your hands, I tell you,
Improve, because you can;
Make yourself the typist,
The champion of the land.
The typewriter is what you make it,
Then make your letters clear and true,
And when you say they're shaded,
It isn't the typewriter—it's you!

Ruby Jodrey '35.

THE COMMERCIAL CODE

The success of perseverance.
The pleasure of working.
The dignity of simplicity.
The value of a smile.
The obligation of duty.
The virtue of patience.
The improvement of talent.

Katheryn Brinck.

John Losier—"But sir, I am a High School boy."

Cop—"Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody."

Student from Commercial Department to Teacher: "What would you advise me to read after graduating?"

Commercial Teacher: The "Help Wanted" column.—Lafayette Lyre.

Agnes: How many units have you completed in shorthand?

J. S.: Goodness! I don't even know what a unit is!

"How could Pinchpenny be a successful business man when he has to sleep in the stable?"

"He's got the whole house rented out to tourists."—Pathfinder.

Marion B: (handing the Commercial Teacher her pass book in bookkeeping class) "Will you sign this, Mr. Myers?"

Mr. Myers: "What is it, a marriage license?"

E. Coolidge: "I wish there were only two parts to a Bill of Lading."

Mr. Myers: "Why."

E. Coolidge: "Because that is all I put on my Exam."

Commercial Teacher: Open your books to page 197.

Betty Edwards: What page is that on?

Lovejoy—"Do you know anything about checks and drafts?"

Chris—"Yes Sir: I've tended our furnace for years."—Grit.

ALUMNI

Miss Doris Farrar, ex '34, was recently married to Leslie Merrill of Bethel.

Miss Margueritta Hancock, ex '34, married Ernest Watson of Fryeburg recently.

Miss Martha Brown is employed as stenographer at the Bethel Grammar School.

Clayson Glover '33 joined the Theta Chi Fraternity at the U. of N. H. recently.

Stuart Lane '33 joined the Phi Mu Delta Fraternity at the U. of M.

Leslie Learned '33 has taken examinations for an amateur radio license.

The marriage of Miss Helena Vetquoskey '33 to Sidney Bartlett of Lockes Mills was recently announced.

Miss Virginia Brown '33 has received her nurse's cap from the Lynn Hospital.

Edith Kirk '33 is employed at the home of Mr. Ordell H. Anderson.

The announcement of the marriage of Miss Evelyn Whitman '32 to Sidney Rogers of Waterford was made May 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Joudrey (nee Marguerite Cole '32) are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Faye.

Custer Quimby '32 and Theodore Eames '30 are employed at the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Store in Bethel.

George Anderson '31 has been made assistant in Business Administration at Colby.

Robert Littlehale '31 is pitcher on the Springfield College baseball team.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon E. Lathrop (nee

Beulah Burris '30) are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Jacqueline.

Miss Frances Chapman '30 graduated from the C. M. G. Hospital as a registered nurse.

Miss Kathryn Ramsell '28 was married to Mr. Frank Trimback recently.

Hedley Wheeler '28 married Miss Della Pettingill, Dec. 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dudley (nee Madeline Brinck '27) are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Marjorie Etta.

Warren Brown '23 is manager of the A and P store in Corinna.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Van '20 are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Nancy.

Alumni recently visiting the campus included: Mary Thurston '31, Margaret Dalzell '33, Philip Carter '32, Mark Hamlin '32, Katherine Carter '32, Homer Gregory ex '29, Evelyn Whitman '32, Earlyn Wheeler '28, Carleton Holmes '29, Allen French '27, Rachel Bearce '30, Sally Chapman '33, Elizabeth Hunt '33, Ashby Tibbetts '31, Rosalie Thurston '33, Daniel Wight '31, and Joseph McKown.

An interesting glimpse into the past was given when the slate blackboards were removed from the walls of the assembly room in the old Academy. The surface of the old blackboards, painted on the plaster walls, revealed class work of thirty-five years ago, the names of several students of that time and the order of the recitations, together with the teachers' names on the board by the principal's desk.

The engagement of Miss Thelma Bennett '26 to Ralph Knight of Lebanon, N. H., was recently announced.

JOKES

"Stan" Allen—"Why do you prefer blondes?"

"Fuzz" Berry—"Don't tell anybody. I'm afraid of the dark!"

—American Boy

Betty E.—How did you get so banged up?

Clem—Skiing.

Betty E.—"What happened?"

Clem—"Couldn't decide which side of the tree to go around." —A. B.

"Danny" Quimby—"There isn't a girl in school with a voice like my girl's—so soft, liquid flowing!"

"Hooty" Wentzel—"Yeah! but you can't stop the flow!" —A. B.

Mary Tibbetts—What sort of grade does Don expect to get in his Latin exam. Is he worried?

Connie—Worried is right! He's got so many wrinkles in his forehead that he has to screw his hat on. —A. B.

Henry Hastings bumping into a tree on the way home from Scout Supper—"Did I eat so much that I lost my sense of direction?"

Miss L—t—n—Whispering to Miss B—r—r—y—"Pst! What do we have in French for today?"

Mr. H. "We charge extra for long distance calls, Miss L—t—n."

BOYS WILL GROW UP

Freshmen—"Mama, may I go out tonight?"

Sophr.—"Going out tonight, Mother. Home at ten."

Junior—"Going out tonight, Dad!"

Senior—"Goodnight, Dad. I'll bring in the milk."

Dick Young—"I can tell you the score of the game before it starts."

Maynard Y.—"What is it?"

Dick Young—"Nothing to nothing before it starts!"

A TEACHERS VERSION

Freshmen—Think they don't know and don't know.

Sophr.—Think they know and don't know.

Junior—Think they don't know and do know.

Seniors—Think they know and do know.

Bob wouldn't say his lesson, although he admitted to the teacher that he knew it. "Then why don't you say it?" She asked.

"Because you'll only make me learn something else for tomorrow!"

Dedicated to a certain teacher. Sail
Gale
Pale
Rail

Judge—"The traffic officer says you got sarcastic, with him."

Dick Davis—"But I didn't intend to be. He talked to me like Yvette does, and I forgot myself and answered 'Yes, my dear,' "

Teacher—"What causes heat and cold?"

Norwood Waterhouse—"Our janitor." —V. D.

Teacher to the class—"I can read some students like a book."

Robert Kirk—"Can you read me?"

Teacher—"Yes."

Robert Kirk—"Then you'd better wait till I turn over a new leaf."

—P. H. S.



GOULD BASKETMEN HAVE SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Gould Academy completed another successful basketball season when they brought home the "Runners-up" trophy from the Lewiston High School Tournament for Small Schools. During the season, the Academy Five played 16 games, winning 8 and losing 8. Three games were lost by one basket and one game by one point, while in all games the "Blue and Gold" proved themselves worthy opponents by plucky fighting and sensational "come-backs."

The Gould offense was built around the Browne-Allen combination; the former supplying passes to Allen, whose shooting proved a factor in every game. These two men, along with "Don" Stanley, another good scorer, will graduate from the ranks of Gould Athletics, leaving vacancies that seem almost impossible to fill satisfactorily in 1935. Other lettermen who will be lost to the squad are Berry, Dwyer, Davis, and Bartlett, all of whom have played regularly on both first and second teams during the past year.

The hopes of 1935 will have to be built around four returning lettermen, two of whom have played regularly at guard positions. Henry Martinson and Willard Wight will both be back, eager to continue their good work in the back court for next season's team. Robert

Browne, a sophomore, and Stanley Hamlin, a junior, have some tournament experience and will be depended upon for future basket scoring.

Games of 1934, that fans like to recall, are the 52-30 trimming given South Paris at Bethel, the 29-25 victory over Mexico, and the win over Thomaston at the tournament, 33-32. Perhaps the best brand of basketball played during the entire year was that of the Gould-Winthrop game at Lewiston. In this game the "Blue and Gold" displayed a smooth, fast passing attack and a strong defense, to overcome a team that had won 11 out of 13 games played, to the tune of 37-21.

The following is the 1934 schedule with the scores for the season:

GOULD	OPPONENTS	
31	Alumni	22
23	Gorham	22
16	Rumford	29
52	South Paris	30
24	Norway	42
34	Fryeburg	21
28	Norway	30
25	Mexico	27
36	South Paris	37
18	Fryeburg	13
25	Alumni	27
29	Mexico	25
18	Gorham	28
37	Winthrop	21
33	Thomaston	32
22	Norway	31

The following men were awarded the official varsity "G" for 1934—Captain Paul Browne, Stanley Allen, Donald

Stanley, Willard Wight, Henry Martinson, Trafton Bartlett, Robert Browne, Stanley Hamlin, Eldredge Berry, Charles Dwyer, Richard Davis, and manager Albert Judkins.

In the past two seasons Gould has entered the Lewiston High Tournament and has played through to the finals both seasons; winning the Championship in 1933 and the Runners-Up title in 1934. Allen, Browne, and Stanley, who have received such favorable comment for their work by Lewiston sports writers, have played their last games for the "Blue and Gold," and to say that their loss is keenly felt is expressing it mildly. Allen has been the outstanding scorer of the past season and with Browne was placed on the second All Tourney Team. Stanley played his best brand of ball at Lewiston and sports writers awarded him a forward berth on the Tourney first team. These men have brought their basketball careers at Gould Academy, to a fitting climax, and have well represented their school.

BASEBALL PROSPECTS FOR 1934

With the return of three pitchers, Allen, Browne, and Whitman, Gould Academy has the backbone of a good team. The problem of finding a catcher to hold these men seems to be the greatest difficulty in building the team of 1934. Robert Chapman, a freshman with only grammar school experience, seems the only likely prospect. Whitman, a senior, has two years experience at first base as well as some pitching experience. Second base will be contended for by two good prospects in R. Young, a sophomore, and "Don" Stanley, a senior. Martinson, who won the team batting championship last

year, will probably be playing at short-stop with "Bob" Browne at third base. Wallace Morgan, a Freshman, is an experienced first baseman, while Lovejoy is a capable infielder. Paul Daniels, veteran right fielder, will probably roam his old garden, while "Stan" Allen and "Bud" Browne, pitchers will also play in the outfield.

The following schedule has been arranged:

April 28	Norway
*May 2	Mexico
*May 5	South Paris
May 9	Gorham, N. H.
May 12	Mexico
May 16	(open)
May 23	South Paris
May 26	(open)
*May 29	Norway
*June 6	Gorham, N. H.
*June 7	Alumni
* Home games.	

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls at Gould devoted the winter term to winter sports and interclass and varsity basketball. The senior team, composed of all experienced players, four of whom were regular members of the varsity six, won the championship in the interclass basketball tournament, losing only one game out of the six played. This was the last game of the tournament and was lost to the vengeful, hardfighting juniors.

The championship team then played a picked team composed of the two best players of each of the other three classes, and were defeated by an uneven score.

The varsity basketball team played only three games during the season, which resulted as follows:

Gould	Opponent	Opponent
18	South Paris	40
19	South Paris	25
22	Alumnae	18
59		83

With plenty of snow and snappy weather, the winter sports were carried off in grand style under the management of our winter sports' star, "Betty" Soule. Skiing, sliding, and snowshoeing were the principal forms of sports activity in which the girls participated. Many of the girls entered the events of Carnival, held on February 3. High scores were:

Betty Soule, 16½, Silver medal
Phyllis Davis, 14½, Bronze medal
Marjory Berry, 6½
Dorothy Irish, 6

Those who received ribbons for first and second places were: M. Berry, P. Davis, B. Soule, D. Irish, B. Moore, H. Philbrook, C. Philbrook, and B. Raynes.

Volley ball was introduced this year as an interclass sport. A few weeks were devoted to practices and then the class games were played off, each class playing every other class once. For the most part, the scores were close, but the sophomores kept in the lead and won the championship.

A great deal of enthusiasm has been shown throughout the year in the winning of awards. Several have already earned their numerals and a great many more have enough points to receive theirs this spring. It is even expected that a few may have their "G's" awarded to them. The class winning the greatest number of points during the year will have their numerals engraved on a class championship cup. Up to date, the Seniors have 5 points and the Sophomores 10. It is impossible as yet to tell which class may win this cup, as a class can still get points for baseball and the class getting the highest percentage of points throughout the year will receive 5 points.

TRACK

Losing all but four of the letter men from last year's outstanding team, Gould faces the 1934 season with the poorest prospects in many years. The first call for track this spring brought out a list of our twenty-five candidates, of which the following made the squad: S. Allen, R. Browne, H. Martinson, W. Grover, C. Philbrook, D. Stanley, F. Thurston, C. Dwyer, F. McMillan, T. Bartlett, P. Daniels, J. Losier, R. King, R. Burris, A. Gilbert, F. Parsons, D. Stiles, W. Wight, A. Chapman, C. Smith, H. Thurston, E. Berry, R. Chapman, and W. Whitman.

The following schedule of meets has been arranged by Manager Eldredge Berry:

May 10, Dual Meet with Norway.
May 19, Oxford County Interscholastics at Hebron.
May 26, Open.
June 2, Maine Interscholastics at Portland.

Bob Browne—"I should like to give you a piece of my mind—"

Stiles—In undertone—"You can't split an atom."
—P. H. S.

Teacher—Your history was bad, and I ordered you to write out the lesson twenty times, but you have done it only seventeen times. Explain please.

Robert Kirk—"Yes, sir, my arithmetic is bad, too."
—A. B.

Marty—What kind of pudding is this?

Waitress—We call it college pudding, like it?

Marty—"No, I'm afraid there's an egg in it that should have been expelled."

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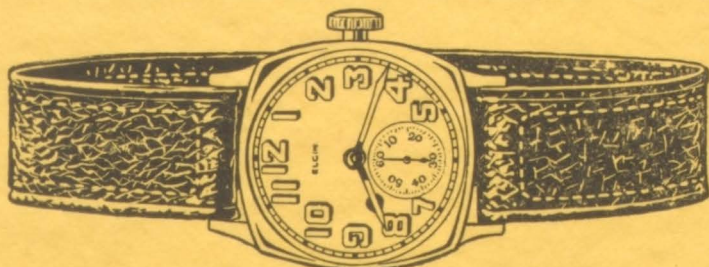
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